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# Dog Tray

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## Bonny Grey.

Harkness, Printer, 121, Church Street, Preston.

Come you cock merchants far and near,  
Did you hear of a cock battle happened near,  
Those Liverpool lads as I've heard them say,  
The Charcoal Black and the Bonny Grey.

We went to Jim Wards and call'd for a pot,  
Where this cock battle was fought;  
Twenty guineas a side those two cocks did play,  
The Charcoal Black and the Bonny Grey.

Then Lord Derdy came swaggering down,  
Bet ten guineas to a crown,  
If this Charcoal Black it gets fair-play,  
He will rip the wings of your Bonny Grey.

O, those two cocks came to the sod,  
Cries the Liverpool Lads, how now? what odds?  
The odds the Prescott Lads did say,  
The Charcoal Black and the Bonny Grey.

This cock battle it was fought,  
Whilst the Charcoal he lay dead at last;  
The Liverpool Lads gave a loud huzza,  
And carried away the Bonny Grey.



## Dog

## TRAY.

Harkness, Printer, Preston

On the green banks of Shannon when Sheelah was nigh  
No blythe Irish lad was so happy as I,  
No harp like my own could so cheerily play,  
And wherever I went was my poor dog Tray.

When at last I was forc'd from my Sheelah to part,  
One said (while the sorrow was big at her heart)  
Oh! remember your Sheelah when far, far away,  
And be kind my dear Pat to your poor dog Tray.

Poor dog he was faithful, and kind to be sure,  
And he constantly lov'd me, although I was poor,  
When the sour-looking folks drove me heartless away,  
I still found a friend in my poor dog Tray.

When the road was so dark and the night was cold,  
When me and my dog were grown weary and old,  
How snugly we slept in my old coat of grey,  
And he lick'd me for kindness did my poor dog Tray.

Though my wallet was scant I remembered his case,  
Nor refus'd my last crumb to his pitiful face,  
But he died at my feet on a cold winter's day,  
And I sadly lament for my poor dog Tray.

Where now shall I go, poor, forsaken, and blind,  
Can I find one to guide me so faithful and kind;  
To my sweet native village so far, far away,  
I can ne'er more return with my poor dog Tray.

[40.]